I heard you ſay, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the reſtfull Engliſh Court
As farre as Callis, to my Vncles head?
Amongſt much other talke, that very time,
I heard you ſay, that you had rather refuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand Crownes.
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England; adding withall,
How bleſt this Land would be, in this your Coſins death.
Aum. Princes and Noble Lords:
What anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe man:
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my faire ſtarres,
On equall termes to give him chaſticement?
Eyther I muſt, or have mine honour ſpoyl'd
With th' Atteindor of his ſland'rous lips,
There is my Gage, the manuall ſeale of death
That markes thee out for hell. Thou lyeſt,
And will maintaine what thou haſt ſayd, is falſe,
In thy hearts blood, though being all too baſe,
To ſtaine the temper of my Knightly ſword.
Bul. Bagot forbeare, thou ſhalt not take it up.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence, that hath moved me ſo.
Fitz. If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathies:
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:
By that faire ſunne, that ſhewes me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay, (and vantingly thou ſpak'ſt it)
That thou wer't cauſe of Noble *Gloſters* death.
If thou denieſt it, twenty times thou lyeſt,
And I will turne thy falſehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged with my Rapiers poynt.
Aum. Thou dar'ſt not (Coward) live to ſee the day.
Fitz. Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre.
Aum. Fitzwater thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Per. Aumerle, thou lyeſt: his honour is as true
In this appeale, as thou art all uniuſt:
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my Gage
To proveit on thee, to th' extreameſt poynt
Of mortall breathing. Seize it if thou dar'ſt.

Aum.

Aum. And if I doe not, may my ha
And never brandiſh more revengeful
Over the glittering Helmet of my F
Sur. My Lord *Fitzwater*:
I doe remember well, the very time
Aumerle, and you did talke.
Fitz. My Lord,
'Tis very true: You were in preſence
And you can witneſſe with me, this
Sur. As falſe, by heaven,
As heaven it ſelfe is true.
Fitz. Surry, thou lyeſt,
Sur. Diſhonourable Boy;
That lye ſhall lye ſo heauy on my ſw
That it ſhall render Vengeance and
Till thou the Lye-giver, and that lye
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull
In proofe whereof, there is mine Hon
Engage it to the Tryall, if thou dar'
Fitz. How fondly doſt thou ſpurr
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breath, or
I dare meete *Surry* in a Wilderne
And ſpit upon him, whilſt I ſay he li
And lies, and lies: there is my bond
To tye thee to my ſtrong Correctio
As I intended to thrive in this new
Aumerle is guilty of my true appea
Beſides, I heard the baniſh'd *Norfol*
That thou *Aumerle* didſt ſend two
To execute the Noble Duke at Calli
Aum. Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt
That *Norfolke* lies, here doe I throw
If he may be repeald, to try his ho
Bul. Theſe differences ſhall all
Till *Norfolke* be repeal'd: repeal'd
(And though mine Enemy) reſtor'd
To all his Lands and Seigniories: w
Againſt *Aumerle* we will inforce h

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